

Torrance Booms Industrial Drive

Coolidge Sweeps City Of Torrance; 5 to 1 For Bonds

Johnson Delegates Lose In This City By Big Vote FOR FLOOD DAMS

Overwhelming Approval Given To Reagon Conservation Plan

Delegates instructed for Calvin Coolidge swept the city of Torrance at Tuesday's elections, when voters here rolled up a majority of 304 votes against Hiram Johnson. The vote stood 553 to 147 in favor of the Coolidge delegates.

Torrance returned a handsome majority in favor of flood control and water conservation. Citizens voted more than 5 to 1 in favor of the \$35,300,000 bond issue for this proposed work.

The vote by precincts follows:

Republican	Pct. 1	Pct. 2	Pct. 3	Total
Coolidge	110	125	17	252
Johnson	66	62	19	147
Democratic				
McAdoo	35	40	7	82
Uninstructed	2	20	0	22
Socialist				
Debs	2	1	0	3
Prohibitionist				
Randall	1	3	0	4
Flood Control Bonds				
Yes	230	218	29	477
No	41	38	6	85

STANDARD OIL LEASES OFFICE IN TORRANCE

Importance Of City As Trade Center Again Emphasized

Another proof of the growing importance of Torrance as a trading center was provided Thursday when the Standard Oil company executed a lease for one of the Suzana street stores in the Rappaport building for the purpose of installing a downtown office to serve the district of which Torrance is the center.

The lease will run for two years, the company having the right of extending it for another two-year period.

Meter Reader Has One Fair Request

The meter reader for the water company requests that garbage cans be kept off of the meter boxes, as when he lifts the covers from the boxes he feels very much as he did in the trenches overseas.

Observations

French War Brides And How They Were Disillusioned—Is Hiram Dead Politically?—The Water Bonds

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT of the French girls who married American soldiers and came to this country have returned to their native land. They found international marriage a failure. And every member of the old A. E. F. knows why.

The American doughboy was a carefree individual. He was much given to perflage. In his verberish French sentences he told the simple French peasant folk fabulous tales of the wondrous riches of the United States.

One of the commonest conversations between American soldier and French maid consisted of a monologue on the part of the soldier in which he set forth that wives of Americans do hot work, loll in luxury and idly enjoy great wealth.

As a contrast to the life of the French peasant woman, the picture the American drew was more or less true. But like all such contrasts it was overdrawn.

Lured by the anticipation of luxury, hundreds of French peasant girls married impetuous American soldiers, most of whom preached the luxury of American life so much that they actually believed it themselves.

With their war brides the boys came home. They stepped out of the uniform with a few ten-spots in their pockets and without definite prospects of jobs. Of course they had been told that "nothing would be too good for the returned veteran" and thought jobs would be literally hurled at their heads when they got back home.

With wives to support, most of these glib doughboys, however, found the country fickle in its patriotism. Jobs were hard to find. And the disillusioned French brides suddenly came to know that after all American women do not idle in the lap of luxury, that the pinching shoe of poverty is not exclusively built on a French last.

The girls, facing an economic situation in a country of strange customs, began to pine for home.

The brilliance of hasty war marriages dulled. They found that their husbands had stretched a few important points about American life.

The "young millionaires" so many of them thought they had married turned out to be just plain men very much in need of work. Not so different from France after all, they found.

The little dream collapsed. The war brides went back home, sadder but wiser.

About all of benefit they got out of their experience consisted of ocean voyages, the valuable knowledge that human beings the world over are pretty much alike, and the firm conviction that soldiers, 3000 miles from home, will, in their enthusiasm, give undue leash to elastic imaginations and paint pictures that "ain't so."

Rousing Meeting Draws 53 Members In Factory Move

INDUSTRIAL PIONEERS

The following men Tuesday night took out \$25 memberships in the Greater Los Angeles association. They constitute a nucleus of Industrial Pioneers in this potentially advantageous industrial district. The committee of 20 has determined to make the list 125 strong. Names of other new members will be published in these columns. Watch for the Industrial Pioneers, the honor roll of progressive citizens.

- TORRANCE**
- A. H. BARTLETT 1
 - D. H. BRADBURY 1
 - W. H. CAMPBELL 1
 - H. H. DOLLEY 1
 - W. C. DOLLEY 1
 - DOMINGUEZ LAND CORP. 10
 - FIRST NATIONAL BANK 4
 - J. M. FITZHUGH 1
 - GILBERT, HANSEN & PAGE 1
 - H. A. KEMBEL 1
 - SAM LEVY 1
 - J. W. MACDOWELL 1
 - HIBBARD H. MOORE 1
 - ANDREW V. MYERS 1
 - GEO. W. NEILL 1
 - LOVELLE OTT 1
 - W. R. PAGE 1
 - JAMES W. POST 1
 - F. L. PARKS 1
 - GEO. R. STEADMAN 1
 - JOHN PEERSEN 1
 - GEO. A. PROCTOR 1
 - W. L. REEVE 1
 - H. W. ROBERTS 1
 - FRANK SAMMONS 1
 - J. C. SMITH 1
 - D. SPURLIN 1
 - TORRANCE HERALD 1
 - CHAS. VONDERAHE 1
- Total 42
Grand total 54
- LOMITA**
- J. W. BARNES 1
 - BARRON A. BECKHAM 1
 - J. P. CHRISTIEN 1
 - COY F. FARQUHAR 1
 - DR. G. E. FULLER 1
 - LEON KLOTZ 1
 - LOMITA LUMBER AND SUPPLY COMPANY 1
 - LOMITA NEWS-LETTER 1
 - A. L. McSWAIN 1
 - W. H. PEIGHTAL 1
 - HUGO SCHEIDT 1
 - CHARLES SMITH 1
- Total 12

Torrance And Lomita Join Hands In Big Campaign

MacDOWELL CHOSEN

Local Man Will Be Director Of Southern California Body

Torrance and Lomita business men Tuesday night joined forces in a concerted campaign to secure new industries for the district of which both communities are the center.

Guests of the Greater Los Angeles association at a rousing dinner at the First Methodist church in Torrance, more than 125 leaders of community activity pledged their support to the movement fathered by the association and went on record as 100 per cent for the proposed fifty-million-dollar Industrial Finance corporation. After speakers had outlined the aims and objects of the two organizations, fifty-four memberships at \$25 apiece were taken out at the meeting.

Twenty Volunteer Work

A committee of twenty volunteers agreed to assist J. W. Macdowell in a further campaign to make Torrance and Lomita represented 100 per cent in the Greater Los Angeles association.

The committee of twenty will meet next Monday noon to devise details of the campaign which will be launched immediately after the luncheon. The volunteer committee consists of the following:

- LOMITA**
- J. P. Christien, Coy F. Farquhar, Charles M. Smith.

- TORRANCE**
- A. H. Bartlett, Willis M. Brooks, H. R. Page, Hurum Reeve, Harry Dolley, J. W. Post, L. V. Babcock, F. L. Parks, J. C. Smith, H. W. Roberts, J. L. King, Charles LeBoeur, George W. Neill, Sam Levy, George Peckham, Sam Rappaport, W. Harold Kingsley, J. W. Macdowell, unanimously chosen to represent this district as director of the Greater Los Angeles association, will act as chairman of the committee of twenty.

Mr. Macdowell presided, immediately turning the meeting over to A. E. Warrington, representative of the president of the Greater Los Angeles association.

Mr. Warrington in glowing terms praised the editorial which appeared recently on the front pages of both The Lomita News Letter and Torrance Herald.

Norman Wood Speaks

"That editorial," he said, "indicated that the people of this district have insight into the great advantages to be derived from this industrial movement. I showed it to our publicity men and told them to study it."

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"IN THE GREASE"

Notes Gleaned While the Oil Editor Bumps Around Proven Territory

The Standard Oil company brought in Interstate No. 5 from 3875 feet. The well is making 350 barrels on the beam. It is cutting 30 per cent water.

Chancellor-Canfield's Torrance No. 43, offsetting George F. Getty's lease south of Carson street, is being swabbed for production.

Shell's Dolores No. 1, wildcat east of Harbor boulevard on the Watson property, is down 2800 feet.

Francis No. 1 of the Chancellor-Canfield Midway Oil company is being drilled ahead between 2500 and 2600 feet. Further north on Western avenue the Empire's well on the Winland farm is down 3500 feet.

The Petroleum Midway's Lewis wildcat is being drilled ahead below 5000 feet.

The Shell Oil company will re-entrench Kettler No. 2 at 3936 feet. This deep test well has been cemented three times. It was drilled to 3995 and bridged back.

Shell's Kettler No. 10, offsetting Standard's Kettler No. 1 in East Lomita, is down 3828 feet. In view of Standard's more or less puzzling failure to get a good producer in this area, Shell's No. 10 is being watched with interest. Shell's No. 9, not far to the north, is making more than 400 barrels a day.

The Santa Fe is washing Del Am No. 12, outpost in the southwestern extension on the old Redondo road. The company will attempt to bring in this important key well shortly. Offsetting it, Standard's Ellinwood No. 1 was given a water test O. K. and is being drilled ahead.

Standard's Weston No. 1 in West Lomita is down 3100 feet.

Felker No. 1 of the Standard Oil company is being balled for a water test.

Torrance Community No. 4 on the Torrance Holding company's lease is (Continued on Last Page)

CALIFORNIA

Tuesday returned a majority of votes of repudiation to Hiram Johnson, as a presidential aspirant. Some political observers will read in the returns the first paragraph of the California senator's political obituary. Others will maintain that the majority voted for Coolidge because they knew that Hiram didn't have a chance to land the nomination. The common man, unversed in the science of political alibis and untrained in the school of ward-heeling trickery, will go about his business believing neither assertion.

Hiram has been "dead" several times in California and an equal number of times has proven to be a fairly lively corpse.

At the same time there is an end to all things—even as there was an end to his campaign speech-making.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

built a dam of ballots Tuesday which will prevent future floods in the Southland. The flood control and water conservation bond issue of \$35,300,000 was approved by a great majority. That the voters of the county went to the polls and voted that amount of money is a sign of Southern California's mental good health. Future generations will be grateful to the voters of 1924.

CARD PARTY

A card party will be held Monday evening, May 12, in Catholic hall, under the auspices of the Altar society. Six prizes will be awarded, and refreshments will be served. Play starts at 8 p.m. sharp.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB

Mrs. E. E. McMasters will be hostess at the card party to be held Wednesday afternoon in Catholic hall. Three prizes will be awarded.

KEYSTONE TOMORROW NIGHT

A number of Torrance folk are planning to attend the dance at Keystone Saturday night, May 10. Earl Cook's orchestra will play and the floor's good. Better go over!

"A FAMBLY MATTER"

At the Mother's Day service at the Central Evangelical church Frederick Hopkins, well-known reader, will read "A Family Matter," from John T. Wells' "Rhymes for the Home Folks."

UNDERGOES OPERATION

Mrs. W. F. Barnes underwent a serious operation recently at the Redondo-Hermosa hospital. Dr. A. P. Stevenson, the operating surgeon, says that Mrs. Barnes is doing very nicely.

Mrs. Agnes Dinning, ill for several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jeanette Woodburn, has returned to her home in Hollywood.

BILLY WHISKERS - By Frances Montgomery

The boys had just dyed Billy red, white and blue and were trying to keep him from lying down while he was still wet.

"Hurry up," said one of the boys, "for we shall have the dickens of a time to keep him from lying down without getting our heads butted off, for he is getting cross at being bothered."

"I'll be back in a minute," and off Jamie ran.

"You are right in what you say," thought Billy, for being an unusually smart goat, he knew exactly what had been said, and he made up his mind to lie down in spite of the three boys left to keep him from it.

And he began to slink to the floor right where he stood. Biff! Bang! went a big bushel basket over his head.

And right here Jamie came back with an armload of bean poles. As he opened the door to come in, Billy saw the streak of light from the door between the meshes of the basket, and he ran in that direction. But not being able to see very much through the holes of the basket, he did not see the long poles in Jamie's arms

and, besides, he had forgotten all about what he had done after until the sharp end of the poles ran in his chest.

Jamie was as surprised as Billy to find something hit the end of the poles as he was trying to close the door. On looking around, he saw Billy coming toward him with the basket over his head, and knowing he could not see very well, he dodged him and jumped up on a packing box that stood in the middle of the floor. From this safe place he handed each of the boys a pole. One boy was in the oats bin, another on the ladder leading to the haymow, and a third on a barrel. From these supposedly safe places they could prod Billy and keep him off their retreats. Or so they thought. But by this time Billy was so crazy mad that he did not feel the sharp pointed end of the poles when they ran into him. He lay down and rolled, got up and chased himself around and around the tub of dye, banging the basket against the side of the tub as he ran, then on the floor, then against the sides of the barn, but to no use, for the basket would not come off, though it was beginning to break to pieces and the pieces were flying in all directions and it would be only a matter of a

few minutes until Billy would be free.

"Gee, fellows! We better get out of this while we can!" said Jamie, "for when Billy gets his head free, he's so mad now that he will butt and hook everybody and everything that gets in his way."

All too true, but Jamie did not speak quite so soon enough, for as the first boy left his place of safety, the basket crashed all to pieces and fell off Billy's head and with a bound clear over the tub of dye, Billy made for the nearest boy. He happened to be the one standing on the barrel. With one butt of his powerful head Billy overturned the barrel, sending it and the boy rolling over and over on the floor. As luck would have it, the boy fell away from Billy instead of at his feet, and he had just gotten to his hands and feet preparatory to standing up and running, when Billy came up behind him and sent him head foremost on a bundle of hay, the only thing that saved him from a broken neck. The boy on the packing box tried to keep Billy off with the bean pole, but it broke in two as he pushed it against Billy's sides, and on Billy came. With a bound he landed beside the boy on the packing box, which immediately crashed in, carry-

ing Billy with it, while the boy rolled off on the floor. While Billy was jumping around trying to break down the sides of the box, the boy climbed up the ladder into the haymow, where his friends sat on their safe perch holding their sides with laughter.

"Oh, Billy, Billy, calm yourself! Don't get so rambunctious!" called Jamie in a soothing voice.

This seemed to make Billy madder than ever. And though Jamie was his master he did not care. He was bound to butt him if he could catch him, as well as the other boys. So he wheeled around and started for Jamie, who had tried to reach the barn door and escape that way. But Billy was too quick for him. He got between him and the door, so all Jamie could do was to run around and around the tub of dye, with Billy in hot pursuit.

"Gee, fellows, can't you stop laughing and help a fellow?" he called. "I'm getting winded and tired."

"The other boys could not help laughing to see them.

"Stop laughing and help a fellow, can't you?" Jamie panted, almost winded.

"Come up the ladder!" called one boy to him.

"Couldn't reach it before he would butt me."

"Go for the window in the hayloft and call for help," said Jamie. Then he tried to coax Billy to stop chasing him by saying, "Billy, old fellow, you have kept up this chase long enough. I'll give you a dandy red apple if you will stop and you can go lie down now wherever you please. I think your coat must be dry by this time."

But Billy only ran all the faster and Jamie could feel his breath on the back of his neck as Billy gained on him.

Jamie was about to try to kick over the tub of dye and trip Billy when some one opened the barn door. And who should stand there but the boys' school teacher, a severe gentleman, wearing a long coat, high-collared and soft hat.

The next second Billy had turned his attention from Jamie to the school teacher, and the last the boys saw of Billy that day he was chasing the pious gentleman down the street.

The day after the parade, Billy

thought he would try to find where the soldiers had marched to, so he could hear the band play again. Billy was very fond of music. He remembered when Jamie was riding him at the head of the Ragamuffin Company that they had followed the soldiers away out of town on the road that led to their camp. Knowing where that road was, he determined to follow it until he came to the camp.

He had just arrived at this decision when he heard some boys laughing, and one called out:

"Hi, fellows! See the red, white and blue goat!"

"Bet I can hit the white stripe on him first throw," called out another.

"Bet you can't in three throws," said still another.

And while they were betting, a fourth boy picked up a stone and threw it, hitting Billy in the middle of the white stripe.

"Good shot!" commended the first boy.

But he had scarcely spoken when biff! bang! something hard hit him squarely in the back, lifting him off his feet and landing him in a mud puddle. Then in quick succession splash! kerplash! went two more boys into the puddle.

[Billy is on the war path again.]